Now what my love is proofe hath you are keene.
And as my love is ciz'd my fearaning to take off mine edge.
Where loue is great, the worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Considerate season, else no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life usurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th garden for his estate, his name's *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Ophel. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give ore the play.

King. Give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the strucken Deere goe weep,
The Hart ungalled play,
For some must watch whilest some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir, and a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of plaiers?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doest know O *Damon* deare
This realme dismantled was
Of *Jove* himselfe, and now raignes here
A very very paiocke.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

Ham. Ah ha, come some
For if the King likes not the
Why then belike he likes it
Come, some musicke.

Enter Rosenc

Guyl. Good my Lord vou
Ham. Sir a whole Histor
Guyl. The King sir.
Ham. I sir, what of him
Guyl. Is in his retiremen
Ham. With drinke sir?
Guyl. No my Lord, with
Ham. Your wisedome sh
nifie this to the Doctor; f
would perhaps plunge him
Guyl. Good my Lord pu
And stare not so wildly upo
Ham. I am tame sir, pro
Guyl. The Queene you
rit, hath sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome
Guy. Nay good my Lord
if it shall please you to ma
your mothers commanden
turne shall be the end of t
Ham. Sir I cannot.
Ros. What my Lord?
Ha. Make you a wholso
answer as I can make you s
mother; therefore no mor
Ros. Then thus she saie
amazement and admiratio
Ham. O wonderfull son
there no sequell at the hee
Ros. She desires to speak
Ham. We shall obey, w
any further trade with us?
Ros. My Lord you once